

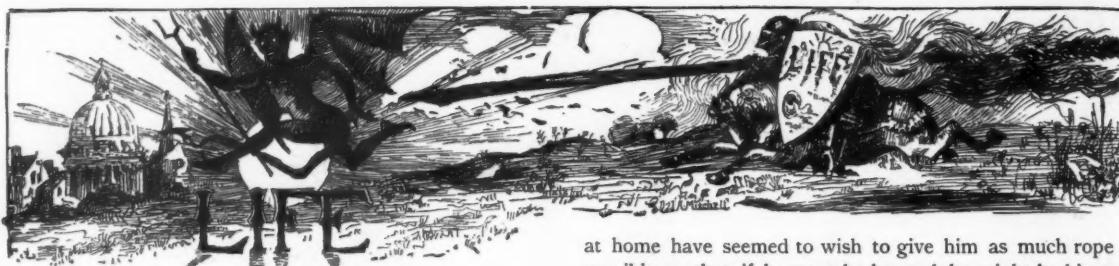
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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Kate: LOUISE DEAR, THERE'S CRAPE ON THE VAN BRISKETS' FRONT DOOR. SOME ONE MUST HAVE DIED!

Louise: IMPOSSIBLE! I'M POSITIVE THE DOCTOR HASN'T BEEN THERE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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JULY seems to have roused himself. He is the month when if anyone has anything to do he had better postpone it. To go through with the formalities of life is possible, but neither of men nor of newspapers ought anything new to be expected.

In the Sandwich Islands, where they have summer most of the time, it is different. July there is not much worse than any other month, and they didn't think it worth while to wait for cooler weather before disciplining their king. It is a pity this country cannot save the Sandwichers part of their trouble by annexing them to the State of California, or, better still, to the City of San Francisco. Kalakaua's realm would make an excellent ward for the metropolis of the Pacific, and if the king himself were elected alderman and joined to a board, he would recognize that he was home at last, and had found his long-lost brothers. If there is a man living who has in him the making of an alderman, Kalakaua is that person. As a king, his chief usefulness lies in being a satire on royalty, and his abilities in that direction are ably seconded by his amiable consort. It reflects in a diverting manner on kingship as it exists, that Kalakaua's employers did not think it worth while to turn him out, but thinking, apparently, that a king was convenient, and that one was as good as another, they tied his hands and left him where he was.

Cigar stores must have wooden injuns, and kingdoms must have kings, not because they are of any particular use, but because they look like business.

HAS the Pope of Rome become a wooden-injun potentate like most of his neighbors, or has he still some lightning at his disposal? Dr. McGlynn seems disposed to solve this inquiry, so far as lies in him; but his is hardly a fair test case. The Pope has been forbearing with McGlynn, and the Roman Catholic authorities beyond the Atlantic and

at home have seemed to wish to give him as much rope as possible, so that, if he must be hanged, he might be his own executioner. And that seems to be what has happened. McGlynn has cut himself off from the Catholic Church by his insubordination, without ever having his theories officially condemned at Rome. How much harm will it do him? The newspapers which are devoted to the care of the Irish vote have been telling us that his position in the Catholic Church was all that gave him influence, and that when he lost his priestly office people will pay no more attention to him. But it looks as if these careful contemporaries were mistaken. McGlynn can draw as big a crowd as ever, and the present prospect is that his fall will be gradual and not due to the Pope's disapproval, but to the fact that Henry George's land theories are nonsense. Nonsense though they are, they are fascinating, and may continue to impose upon people for a good while to come.

UNLIKE some of its contemporaries LIFE has never especially admired Mr. Cleveland's literary style. It knows a good many persons in modest walks of private life who seem to it to write more agreeably than the President. None the less, however, did LIFE take pleasure in reading Mr. Cleveland's letter declining to visit St. Louis. Any one who is waiting for Mr. Cleveland to commit political suicide with a pen and ink has undertaken a long job. The President writes what he sets out to write. His pen never plays him tricks, as General Sherman's pen does.

THE esteemed *Morning Journal* of this city printed, in its issue of July 11, a fine picture of Secretary Bayard, and labeled it Edward McGlynn. It will not do for the *Journal* to count too much on the inability of its patrons to read.

A WRITER in the *Critic*, who went to see Octave Feuillet, French author, at home, describes his adventures. He asked Feuillet a good many questions, and found out what he knew. He (Feuillet) admired George Eliot more than he could say. He thought that a greater novelist than Dickens never will live; that Thackeray, well translated (into French), does not lose. Questioned about American story writers, he admitted that Bret Harte had an undeniable charm; but Howells, he said, he didn't know. The condition of this French person is exceedingly lamentable. When Mr. Howells goes abroad again he should make Octave a special subject of missionary effort. To know Dickens and Thackeray and have no adequate modern to measure them by is to be in a pitiable state.

THE WRONG RESULT.

"M A," said Bobby, "have I been a good boy to-day?"
 "Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you."
 "Well, will you do me a favor, ma?"
 "If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?"
 "Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

AN INNOVATION.

A YOUNG lady read an essay at a school commencement the other day, in which the sentiment "upward and onward" did not appear. She was enthusiastically applauded.

TO AN UNPAID BILL.

OLD friend, companion of my youth, a bumper to the brim!
 Long years neglected have you lain and e'en your ink is dim;
 Your text is faint, your tale is fresh, your relatives are young,
 But you, campaigner, brown and old, your life-work now is done.

In endless line your comrades pass before my wearied eyes—
 A few are young, but more are old, alike they're all despised.
 Old veteran, give up the fight, your day of strength is past,
 For Uncle Sam to help me win has outlawed you at last.

Arthur Bradford Grover.



APPLIED SCIENCE.

Professor Pugwig: BE CALM. A BEE CAN STING ONLY ONCE IN TWO MINUTES.

Boy: ONCE IS ENOUGH FOR ME. YOU MAY HAVE THE SECOND ONE.



Mr. McFaddle: LET ME OFF AT MIKETOWN.

Conductor: WE DON'T STOP. THIS IS A THROUGH TRAIN.

Mr. McFaddle: THIN, PLAYSE, SOR, WILL YER STHOP LONG ENOUGH FUR ME TO TELL BRIDGET THAT ITS CARRIED THROUGH I AM!

WIDOWS' WEEDS.

DARK and dusk is my mistress's hair,
 All lustreless it lyeth there,
 And each black strand can tell a tale
 Of cruel coquette and lover pale;
 Each strand it is a widow's weed
 That mourns a heart could love and bleed.—

And now a soft small lock I see
 That is to mark the death of me.

F. S. Palmer.

A MAN recently astonished his wife by coming home with two black eyes. "What have you been doing?" said she. "Getting a pair of socks," he replied.

SAVED FROM THE BASKET.

THE Marquis of Salisbury may be a good man, but he does not a peer to advantage as a statesman.

English jokes of this description are rarely found in this country, owing to our rigorous climate.

A WATER-SPOUT.—A temperance lecturer.



FORESIGHT.

THE George land movement has received an impetus from the fact that burial lots at Haverstraw have been sold with imperfect titles, and it is proposed to oust the tenants. As the George movement is looking for a good burial-site, it wants to be sure of its ground.

WHAT a beautiful world is this! How grand are the mountains, the sea, the watering-place hotels, the election frauds and patent medicines of our native land! But all these delights can be enjoyed only by means of a good digestion. If your stomach is out of order, do not try to live healthily, but buy all the pills, bitters and elixirs that you see advertised under a pleasing disguise. You will then feel as if you had fifteen different stomachs instead of one poorly equipped one, and will enjoy life in proportion. *Adv.*

THAT Italian nobleman in England who has been detected in selling tinware by day while frequenting the most exclusive society at night, is not singular. Many of our most select society people base their claim to recognition upon this metal.

L'HOMME *Qui Rit* does not refer to the man who writ, but rather to the editor who laughed as he rejected the contribution.

THE city authorities should see to it that all dog-days found straying out of season are sent to the pound.

A GEORGE orator, on the Fourth, accused Tammany of drinking from the "empyrean spring" of fraud and corruption. He seems to have become confused as to the Pierian spring and the Empire State. "Empyrean" means the highest heaven, but no one ever before accused Tammany of drawing inspiration from that source.

IT has been determined by palæontology that Bo-Peep's sheep, which "left their tales behind them," were of a statistical turn and merely wanted to leave on record a sudden decline in the wool supply.

WHERE is Palsy Fairchild? Having launched his curse he seems to have dried up like "She."



A WARNING TO FANNERS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Blaine has been received at supper by Henry Irving, it is not believed that he will be engaged as a member of the troupe until Irving opens a museum.

WATER has been used by an English rector instead of wine, at communion. Cowley wrote, on the miracle of turning water into wine at the marriage feast: "The conscious water saw its Lord, and blushed." The English rector who tries to turn wine into water is therefore only logical in refusing to blush.

A WESTERN robber and murderer, when asked to explain how he happened to enter on a career of wickedness, began his reply by saying: "I was born in Philadelphia."

INTERESTING LITERARY DISCOVERY.

ADMIRERS of Shakespeare will be interested in the discovery of a manuscript letter written by him to one of the managers of the Globe Theatre in 1610. The document is especially valuable inasmuch as it throws considerable light on the Bard's method of producing plays and his character for modesty and veracity. We quote it *verbatim*.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Dec. 15, 1610.

My dear Sir,—Here is another comedy—the last I shall do this year. It was written this morning, making the fourth that I have turned out since dinner yesterday. The piece, although executed rapidly, is none the less amusing, and I may say that I am perfectly satisfied with it, as I am with all my work.

I hope you will like it, and believe that you will, for it has no demerits whatever, being, on the contrary, one of my happiest efforts.

Yours, &c.,

TO MASTER HEYWOOD,
Globe Theatre.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



A BARGAIN.

SHE loved me not, and yet she wed me,
For I was rich, had wealth untold;
Her heart and hand she gladly gave me—
A fair exchange for all my gold.

Fair and sweet, at first I loved her,
But found her heartless, cruel, cold;
And yet our bargain's fairly equal,
For she was bought, and I was sold.

—Isabella A. Mundy.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE *Lancet* announces the discovery of a new anæsthetic in Australia, to which the name "drumine" is given. If some philanthropic genius will just go ahead in this line and discover "pianoine" and "cornetine," public confidence in the practical value of science will be immensely strengthened.

IT is said that the roller-skating craze has reached Philadelphia.

A WEALTHY grandfather always receives the respect and veneration due to old age,

WHAT CAN BE SAID.

MISS B. has asked Brown and Jones to play tennis and stay to dinner. They appear in tennis-suits, each with a small hand-bag containing linen collar and cuffs.

MISS B.: There, I told mamma you would have sense enough to bring dress-suits!



UP WITH THE TIMES.

Farmer (to new farm hand from the city): WHAT HEV YE DONE WITH ALL THIS MORN-
ING'S MILK?

New Hand: POURED I DOWN THE WELL, OF COURSE!

BOOKSHININESS

A SUMMER NOVEL BY ARLO BATES.

AS a summer novel, to be read by flirting men and maidens within sound of the sea, "A Lad's Love" (Roberts Brothers) is good enough and perfectly harmless. There are a good many spots in it which are intended to be very bright and clever, but lie very near the borderlands of folly.

And there are two charming women in the book, drawn with a light touch and yet a good deal of feeling; they are *Olive* and her daughter *Phoebe*. The few pages, here and there, which show the tenderly humorous relations of mother and daughter, are worth all the philandering and persiflage of the rest of the book.

Perhaps the author should also be given some credit for the skill in which he has pictured, through *Gilbert*, "the flaring twinkle of a rushlight, the delusive fervor of a lad's love." To this half-baked period, through which even the best of men pass, we look back in later years with a feeling of contempt and shame for our consummate folly. It is a kind Fate which does not hold the man responsible for the vows of his youth.

* * *

THE glimpses we get of the old dowagers who sit around the summer hotel parlors on rainy afternoons and knit and gossip, and give each other spiteful little digs for the failings of themselves or their families, are true to life, though hardly satirical enough. But Campobello is a beautiful, good-humored, well-bred place, where much of the barbarity of the American summer resort has evidently failed to gain a foothold.

* * *

TAKE them all in all, though, what tremendous vulgarizers these Great American Summer Hotels are! It is pitiful to see hundreds of fair girls taken from the quiet shelter and freedom of good homes and paraded in their finery in the presence of "a Thousand Guests." If every one of the Thousand Guests was a saint and a gentleman, the experience would still be cruel and against the best instincts of the heart. Yet, one and all, they seem to enjoy it; they face a battery of two thousand eyes as coolly as veterans march up a hill to a frowning fort.

It may be nerve and American grit, but it is not womanliness. What the American girl needs (and, for that matter, the American boy) is the right kind of a home, and a great deal more of it.

This is not a lay sermon, but a little solemn Realism of the Howells type.

Droch.

A MASSACHUSETTS inventor has just concluded arrangements with the city fathers of the Quaker City for the purchase of five hundred lawn mowers, to be used in the public streets.

A DIFFERENT VINE ALTOGETHER.

"WHAT a delicious drink!" said an agriculturally ignorant young woman, who was sipping some kumyss at the cattle show. "Is it made from the product of the grape-vine, George?"

"No," replied George, "it is made from the product of the bovine."

IT must not be forgotten that Satan is always warmed up for work.

PROMPT ACTION.

"JOHN," said his wife on our way home from church to-night, "Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting mother. As it was he frightened her seriously. I think you ought to do something about it."

"I will," responded John, promptly, "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't want too much for the dog I'll buy him."

WHEN you pick your summer resort, try to pick one that won't pick you.

HOW to be a good anglo-maniac and at the same time denounce coercion—that is the question.

FROMAGE DE BRIE.

FREDDIE: I say, Charlie, old fellow, when can a man be said to swallow his clothes?

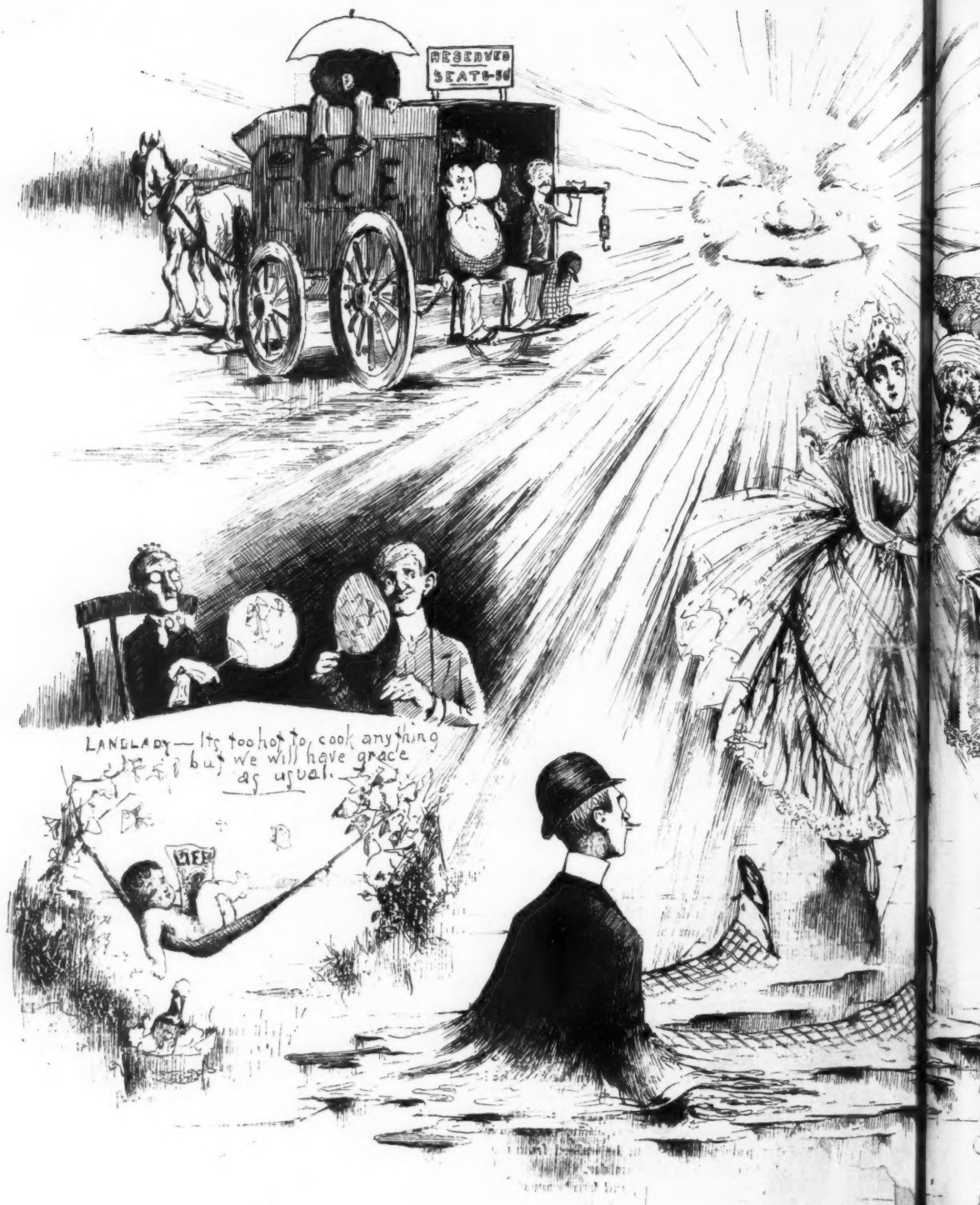
CHARLIE: Well, now, pon honor I really can't guess, you know.

FREDDIE: Give it up, eh? Well, when he eats his *Brie* cheese.



YOUTHFUL COURTESY.

New Resident: CAN I TUM OVER AND PLAY WIS ZOO?
Gentleman Addressed: NO, YER CAN'T; AND IF YER DON'T STOP
LOOKIN' AT OUR HOUSE, I'LL THROW A BRICK AT YER.



MIDSUMMER JO

"WHEN HOT FACED SOL 'WO' MELT U



SUMMER JOYS.

"WON'T US BACK INTO A DEW."



THE END OF THE YARN.

—“ We had used up all our shot an' the inimy was abearin' down upon us with every sail up. Death was astaring us all in the face, for in thim days no quarter was given or taken : our decks was covered with dead, an' we all felt as though our last moment was come. Suddenly the order come for to cut off the heads of the corpses on deck an' use them for cannon-balls; an' we done it, an' in less time a'most than it has took for me to tell you, we sunk the inimy's intire fleet, an' come home with colors all a-flying.”

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

IN my queer little den up three rickety flights
(Rather snug in the winter and cool summer nights),
With a pipe 'twixt my lips, and a book on my knee,
I dreamed of the past and that five o'clock tea.

What dummies of fashion, what innocent looks;
What critics of dresses, of pictures, of books;
What excellent matter for verses you see,
If you linger awhile at a five o'clock tea!

What scandal, what gossip, what chatter, what noise
Did I hear from a parcel of maidens and boys!
How I longed to be home and evermore free
From the dignified calm of that five o'clock tea!

When Lord Tweedledum, by a tiger in drab,
Was tooled to the curb in a black-and-tan cab,
What natural ripples of pleasure and glee
Thrilled all of the “ buds ” at that five o'clock tea!

How Marguerite's heart beat; how Geraldine's clear
Faded eyes were thrown up to the great chandelier!
While Peg (*etat* thirty) vowed Margery D.
“ Made eyes at my lord ” at that five o'clock tea.

When Peggy was younger what epigrams terse,
What Byronic stanzas and love-freighted verse
I wrote—“ On Her Glances,” “ Is Love Fancy Free ? ”
How I cursed them last week at that five o'clock tea!

How heartstrings would tighten, how pulses would throb,
When I helped her to mount on her Normandy cob!
She blushed, then she laughed at my passionate plea
Years ago, ere I dreamt of a five o'clock tea.

She married Bob Brooks, of the Seventh, I think;
He tumbled until he succumbed to his drink.
Maud detailed his faults and condoned them to me
In her womanly way at that five o'clock tea.

They say she is wed to his memory now;
I protest that his loss has not furrowed her brow.
Yet I fancied she thought the—er—feelings that she
Awoke might live *after* that five o'clock tea.

The candles burn dimmer; no longer my pipe
'Mid its smoke forms a picture of feminine type;
A muffin is done to a turn, and so we
Bid farewell to the past and that five o'clock tea.

De Witt Sterry.

THE Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual,
the Chinese are ahead.

AMERICAN flowers that are now blooming in Europe
include the Roswell P. variety.

THOSE people whom coffee keeps awake should never
drink it Sunday morning.

AN INTERESTING CALCULATION.

“WELL, what are you doing now?” asked McCorkle, as he went into Fangle’s office and found that gentleman busy over several sheets of foolscap paper covered with figures.

“Just calculating a little,” replied Fangle. “Do you know how many children Christopher Columbus had?”

“No, I don’t. What do you want to know that for?”

“I’ve estimated them at five. Then I want to know all about the families of every sailor on board his ships.”

“What for?”

“And after that,” proceeded Fangle without answering the question, “I want to know how many relatives of every grade Ferdinand and Isabella had.”

“Well, but what is all this for?” asked McCorkle, beginning to get impatient.

“I must also procure a list of the children of all the English monarchs since the discovery of America, and estimate how many square inches their portraits would occupy. Then I want an approximation of the number of Amerigo Vespucci’s family, as well as of those of others who had anything to do with the discovery or exploration of America. And I don’t know but what I ought to include Pizarro and the other ducks who had anything to do with Mexico and South America.”

“But what in the name of common sense do you want all those statistics for?”

“I am sure,” proceeded Fangle, “I shall have to enumerate all the rulers of every American nation since the Revolutionary War, with their families.”

“But what is this for?”

“Why, I am trying to form an approximation of how long the ‘Life of Lincoln’ is likely to run in the Century.” W. H. Siviter.

FOR RECUPERATION.

GENTLEMAN (*looking for country board*): How far from City Hall?

FARMER: Forty minutes.

GENTLEMAN: Near station?

FARMER: Five minutes.

GENTLEMAN: Plenty of trains?

FARMER: Twenty each way.

GENTLEMAN: How early can I get New York papers?

FARMER: Seven o’clock.

GENTLEMAN: I’ll try it for a week. My system is all run down, and my physician says I must have absolute rest.

IF Mr. Cleveland wants to give something to the South, why not send them Garland?



TOO LATE.

Fond Mother: PUT PLENTY OF WATER IN RUFUS’S CURRANT WINE, DEAR. I SHOULD BE VERY SORRY TO HAVE A TASTE FOR LIQUOR DEVELOPED IN A SON OF MINE.

Rufus belongs to the “Whoop-her-up” Club at college, and is considered the “Bully Boy” of his class.

AN EXPLODED THEORY.

FOND FATHER: Talk of college not fitting a young man for earning a living! Just as soon as Johnny graduated he obtained a splendid position.

FRIEND: What was it?

FOND FATHER: First base.

MEXICO arrests women for wearing Mother Hubbard dresses, and has passed a ukase, which we believe is Mexican for law, that no citizen must walk the streets without trousers on. We don’t want to get into any international trouble, but we must say that Mexico is getting a trifle “f nicky.”

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUMMER TONIC.

R

Spiritus Vini Otardi,	3 i
Spiritus Vini Jamaici,	3 i
Sugarum Whitum,	3 iv
Icibus Finis,	3 ii
Sliceum Pineappleii,	quant. suff.
Strawberrii,	“ “

M. Sig.

Shakitis violenter.

Suckite dulciter cum strawum.



Uncle Jeff.: LOOK A' HEAH, YOU HEN'Y CLAY WHITE. HOW MANY TIMES HAS I TOLE YO' SMOKEN' 'LL SHAWTEN YO' LIFE MO'N HALF?

Young H. C.: WELL, UNC' JEFF, YO' BEEN SMOKEN' MOS' ALL YO' LIFE, AN' YO' IS A PUTTY OLE MAN.

U. J.: DAT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOL NIGGA'! I'SE EIGHTY-FO' NOW, AN' EF I HAD'N' SMOKED WHEN I WAS A BOY I MIGHT 'A' BEEN MO'N A HUNDRED YEARS OLE BY DIS TIME.

RESPECT AND DEFERENCE.

A YOUNG man politely offered his seat in a street-car to an old gentleman, and then went and stood on the platform.

"I am glad to see, sir," said a fellow passenger, "a young man like you pay that respect and deference to old age which it should always command."

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "that old codger is worth a million dollars."

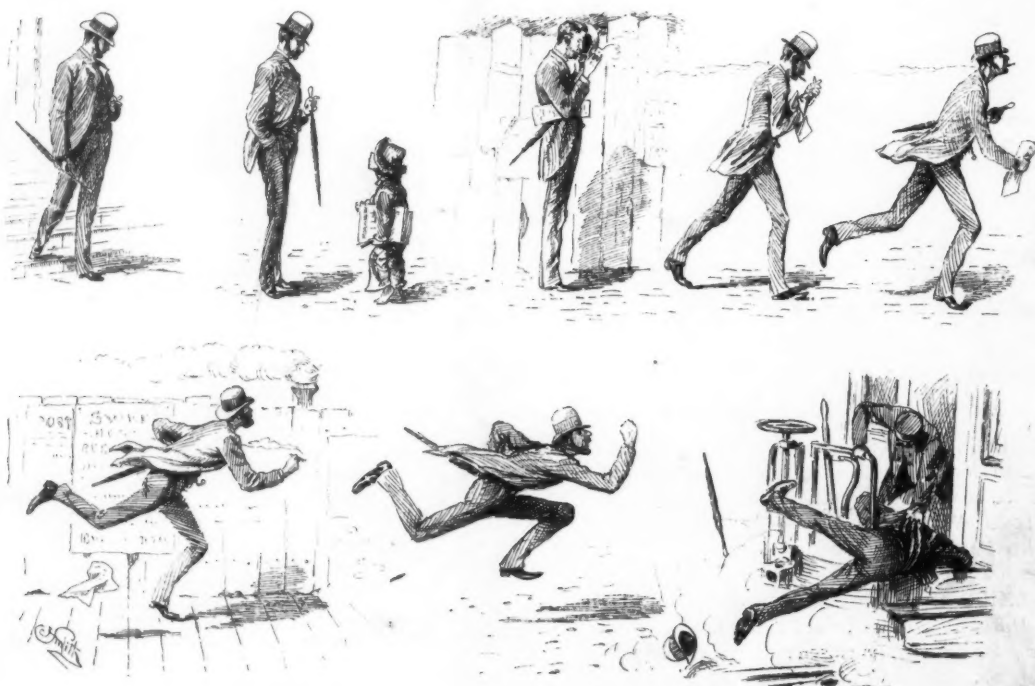
"SIR," said the angry citizen to Mayor Hewitt, "I have fallen on a coal hole on Broadway, and injured my back."

"All right," said the Mayor, "I will send a letter to the Board of Aldermen at once. If that does not remedy the evil, you had better apply a porous plaster."

NEVER cultivate forgetfulness lest, peradventure, you should acquire several simultaneous wives.

IN order to meet the wants of callow youths who seek nutriment from the handles of their walking-sticks, it is recommended that dudes this summer shall carry sugar-canes or sticks of candy.

A GREAT baseball mascot—total abstinence.



THE VALUE OF THAT LAST MINUTE TO THE SUBURBAN RESIDENT.



PROBABLY NOT.

IS there a martyr who can pair,
In his'try's painful annals,
With him whose wife still makes him wear
His heavy winter flannels?

—Cleveland Sun and Voice.

GUEST (at summer hotel): Who is that distinguished looking young man wiping dishes?

PROPRIETOR: That is Mr. Emerson Tracy Bancroft, who delivered the magnificent oration on "The Ideality of Life" at Yalemouth commencement.—Burlington Free Press.

THERE is less originality in profanity than in anything else. It is as old as sin.—New Orleans Picayune.

H. W. RIPLEY, of Portland, Me., who has passed forty-nine summers in the White Mountains, tells a story about Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher once drove a passenger wagon from the Twin to the Crawford, just for fun. In turning around, his team became tangled up and his wagon bid fair to tip, when a Portland & Ogdensburg conductor, looking out of a chamber window of the hotel, shouted, "Let go your leaders, you — old fool!"

"That's good advice, young man," was Mr. Beecher's calm reply, as he followed it.—N. Y. Telegram.

HE HAD READ THE PAPERS.

FARMER WAYBACK: I want to see yer boss.

OFFICE-BOY: Have you a card, sir?

FARMER WAYBACK: Now you go 'long, ye pert little upstart, an' tell yer boss I want to see him. Ye can't come no three-card-monte games on me; I've read the papers, an' I'm posted.—Harper's Bazar.

MRS. BROWN: You told me that if I left my table-cloth out all night the fruit-stains would disappear. Well, I put it out last night.

MRS. JONES: Of course the stains were gone in the morning?

MRS. BROWN: Yes; so was the table-cloth.—Harper's Bazar.

AN up-town father a few days before the Fourth gave his ten-year-old heir a five dollar bill with which to buy himself a pair of shoes, a hat and some fireworks. The patriotic son brought home a 35 cent pair of shoes, a 15 cent hat and \$4.50 worth of fireworks.—Buffalo Express.

FOR a very safe and lucrative business, with the charm of novelty and excitement added thereto, we suggest that scientific train robbing is by far the best thing discovered in a long time. It beats the lottery all to pieces. It is surer in its returns, and at least you always get your money back and have any quantity of fun.—Austin (Texas) Statesman.

SINCE the failure of Fidelity Bank, the dogs of Cincinnati look insulted when called Fido.—New Orleans Picayune.

"WELL, I didn't think much of their essays," commented a much-busted young lady as she left a high-school commencement, "but their dresses were quite as pretty as those seen on the stage last year."—Norristown Herald.



We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.
"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure. Purifying.
Emollient. A luxury for shampooing. Cures Skin
Diseases. **THE PACKER MFG. CO.**
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—AND—
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Ginger**

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THE PEERAGE



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EXTRA DRY,
OR BRUT.

Du VIVIER & Co.

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